My conſcience tels me thou art innocent.
Humph. Ah gracious Henry theſe daies are dangerous,
And would my death might end theſe miſeries,
And ſtay their moodes for good King Henries ſake,
But I am made the Prologue to their play,
And thouſands more muſt follow after me,
That dreads not yet their liues deſtruction,
Suffolkes hatefull tongue blabs his hearts malice,
Bewfords firie eies ſhewes his enuious mind,
Buckinghams prowd lookes bewraies his cruel thoughts,
And dogged Yorke that leuells at the Moone,
Whoſe ouerweening arme I haue held backe:
All you haue ioynd to betray me thus:
And you my gracious lady, and Soueraigne miſtris,
Cauſeleſſe haue laid complaints vpon my head,
I ſhall not want falſe witneſſes inow,
That ſo amongſt you, you may haue my life.
The prouerb no doubt will be well performde,
A ſtaffe is quickly found to beate a dog.
Suffolke Doth he not twit our Soueraigne lady here,
As if that ſhee with ignominious wrong,
Had ſubornd or hyred ſome to ſweare againſt his life?
Queene Yea but I can giue the loſer leaue to ſpeake.
Humph. Far truer ſpoke then ment, I looſe indeed,
Beſhrew the winners hearts, they play me falſe.
Buck. Heele wreſt the ſence, and keep vs here al day,
My Lord of Wincheſter, ſee him ſent away.
Card. Who's within there? take in Duke Humphrey,
And ſee him garded ſure within my houſe.
Humph. O! thus king Henry caſts away his crouch,
Before his legs can beare his body vp,
And puts his watchfull ſhepheard from his ſide,
Whilſt wolues ſtand ſnarring who ſhal bite him firſt.
Farewel my ſoueraigne, long maiſt thou enioy,
Thy fathers happie daies free from annoy.
Exit Humphrey, with the Cardinals men.
King My lords, what to your wiſedomes ſhall ſeeme beſt,
Do

Do and vndo, as if our ſelfe were here.
Queene What wil your highneſſe leaue the Parlament?
King Yea Margaret, my heart is killed with griefe,
Where I may ſit and ſigh in endleſſe mone,
For who's a traitor? Gloſter he is none.
exit King, Salsbury, and Warwicke.
Queene Then ſit we downe againe my lord Cardinall,
Suffolke, Buckingham, Yorke and Somerſet,
Let vs conſult of prowd duke Humphries fall,
In mine opinion it were good he dide,
For ſafetie of our King and common wealth.
Suffolke And ſo thinke I madame, for as you know,
If our King Henry had ſhooke hands with death,
Duke Humphrey then would looke to be our King,
And it may be, by pollicie he workes,
To bring to paſſe the thing which now we doubt,
The foxe barkes not when he would ſteale the lamb,
But if we take him ere he do the deede,
We ſhould not queſtion, if that he ſhould liue,
No, let him die, in that he is a foxe,
Leſt that in liuing he offend vs more.
Car. Then let him die before the Commons know,
For feare that they do riſe in Armes for him.
York Then do it ſodainly my Lords.
Suff. Let that be my lord Cardinalls charge and mine.
Car. Agreed, for hee's already kept within my houſe.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Queene How now ſirra, what newes?
Meſſen. Madame, I bring you newes from Ireland,
The wilde Onele my lord, is vp in Armes,
With troupes of Iriſh Kernes that vncontrold,
Do plant themſelues within the Engliſh pale,
And burne and ſpoile the Country as they go.
Queen What redreſſe ſhall we haue for this my Lords?
Yorke T were very good, that my Lord of Somerſet
That fortunate champion were ſent ouer,
To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Iriſhmen,

3. I, margaret— 6 from bottom, [illegible]
5 from bottom, And banish This line not in Qt. of 1594, here, but inserted in speech, after the words "seat over."